





The Bethel Courier.

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1866.

## A Chapter on Owls.

The Owl has been distinguished in all ages among the feathered tribes. "Wise as an owl" has long passed for a proverb. Many persons regard the allusion as a doubtful compliment to the bird, but if any one can bring forward any other belonging to the feathered tribes, that looks so wise as an owl, we should like to see him. Among his pre-eminent qualities, he is the most attentive creature in the world. Set him up on his perch where any labor is going on, and he will watch every motion with the utmost scrutiny, first looking at this thing and then at that, until he is perfectly satisfied. He is a musical bird. The poet has immortalized him in the Masonic song:

"Of all the brave birds that ever I see  
The owl is the sweetest for him to be."

We fear that we have not quoted the couplet exactly right, but so it runs in our poetical chamber, and will answer our present purpose. How softly and musically his note comes upon the ear at still twilight, 'to wit to hoo!' Virgil gives him a couple of very expressive lines:

Solapae culminibus ferali carmine luto  
Saepe querit, et longas in solum ducere voces.

"On the house tops the solitary owl often  
complained in doleful ditty,  
And spun out his notes in mournful strain."

What is more beautiful than this. Only one poet, and he could not have been much of a man, treats him rather harshly.

Rubulit horrendum ferali carmine.  
"Horribly he hoots in sorrowful strain."

It is true that Ovid and Pliny hint some things against him which are known not to be true, both that he sucks the blood from an infant in the cradle and furnishes its own poison-blood from its own breast. This foolish notion of the poet and natural historian has given rise to a hundred equally foolish superstitions respecting this harmless bird. So innocent is his cry that in that most expressive of all languages, the Greek, the same word is used to express the cry of an owl as a fellow that minds his own business, except when he is hungry, and then he seeks his food wherever it belongs to him. He is a perfect pattern of contentment, sitting quietly and alone all day, and disturbing no one in his business or reputation. He is the very poetry of motion, gliding through the air gracefully and noiselessly. No goddess queen can excel him in this respect.

The owl is one of the wittiest of fellows. The poet, Montgomery, addressed on: as follows:

"Blue-eyed, strange-toiled, sharp-beaked,  
Lowl,  
What art thou?  
His answer was,  
"What I ought to be—an owl."

But if I'm such a scarecrow in your eye,  
You're a much greater one in mine, good bye!"

He is a very contemplative bird. This is what, no doubt, gives character to him as well as to men. We have seen some men try to look wise by opening their eyes very knowingly, elevating their eyebrows and wrinkling up their foreheads, but such men never looked half so wise, in reality, as an owl.

We should prefer to go to an owl for advice, than to many a man who professes to be very wise. We always love to watch an owl, because he looks so honestly and frankly at us never trying to wink anything out of sight, but looking straight forward at whatever attracts his attention. Then he sits so very erect as if conscious of his own dignity. He is never ashamed of himself. It is only when some unmanly intruder approaches that, he shows something of a nervous temperament. He is an accurate physiologist. Whenever he wishes to eat a mouse he swallows him whole, allowing the stomach to extract whatever is useful, and then to throw up all useless matter in little pellets. By

this means he is not subject to disease. Sometimes we hear the expression, "tough as a boiled owl," but this can only refer to some very old bird. The flesh of the young owl is very tender. Sounds heard in the stillness of night often startle one, especially if he be of a nervous temperament. We remember hearing a man tell a story of his boyhood. When fourteen years old he waited upon a girl to her home from an evening party. On his return he took a shorter route through a piece of woods, and just at the time when every stump appeared like a human being, or a ghost, or a bear, a little screech owl darted out of a tree and uttered what seemed to him a most unearthly yell, making his hair stand erect and his skin feel cold all over him. Had this occurred in the day time he would not have noticed it.

But lest some may think that we are alone in our estimate of this bird, we will go right back some 2000 years and hunt up Themistocles, the accomplished and successful Athenian general. When he had embarked the citizens of Athens on board of vessels, an owl flew to the right of the ship and then seated himself quietly among the shrouds, which was sufficient evidence to Themistocles that he should sail in that direction in order to defend himself against the invader, Xerxes. Who doubts that the destiny of Europe was affected by that owl? The Athenians delighted to render honor to the owl. To sum up all his qualities, like a lawyer he knows how to divide the spoil equitably; as a physician he can speedily annihilate disease in any animal; as a theologian he can adopt his theology to his peculiar necessities; like an Editor, he is remarkably modest and retiring, and like a good teacher, he is full of wisdom—wise as an owl.

## The Pleasures of a Teacher.

Most people regard the labors of the teacher as a task, irksome in the highest degree. We could never appreciate such a feeling. To us the same recitation repeated the thousandth time is a sort of exhilarating dream. A lesson recited to us the thousandth time presents at each recitation, some new shade of thought, or some new fact or principle that we never thought of before. We pursue that thought as long as it affords us pleasure, when some new figure beguiles us on to other new and interesting subjects. Here is a class before us to which some principle of the lesson is a new truth—a truth to be impressed upon their immortal spirits for ever, which shall make them different beings at night from what they were in the morning. How we love to watch the working of their minds as they gradually receive the light. How delightful to point out the path, and then let them rush forward with the buoyancy characteristic of the youthful mind, and seize upon the new object of their curiosity.

The philosophy of teaching! No book worthy the name has yet been written upon it, nevertheless there is more philosophy to be revealed from it than from all that even Plato and Aristotle ever wrote. Among all the patent modes of teaching the Alphabet, no man ever yet knew the best method. We never teach the simplest study to a class without detecting some interesting feature of the human mind, that rewards us richly for the labor. Then how pleasant to be able to anticipate a pupil's difficulties and by a single word or kind look open the window of his darkened mind and let in the sunlight. We have been asked a thousand times, Do you not tire of teaching? Our answer is, No. It is true that the body becomes wearied and needs rest, and the mind becomes exhausted by the long labor, but no other emotion than that of pleasure ever entered our breast as our classes come before us in turn to receive our instruction. Live to us has been a hurried course. The hours of the school room pass too swiftly away to accomplish all we would wish,

but we are content that it should be so. In the language of Bishop H. King:

"At night when I betake to rest,  
Next morn I rise nearer my West  
Of life, almost by eight hours sail,  
Than when sleep dreamed his drowsy gale."

The only drawback to all our pleasures is the occasional appearance of a pupil on whom we fail to make an impression, but our relations to our pupils are the same to us that they were twenty-five years ago. We felt a little older than our pupils then, and we feel the same now to the present generation. Our oldest pupils seem to us to have grown old faster than ourselves. Rarely has one of the thousands of pupils who has been under our care, passed through the world without our knowing something of his history. They are nearly all registered where we can read their names and compare their present career with their positions as pupils. Such are some of the pleasures of a teacher's life.

## THE BETHEL FARMERS' CLUB.

The Club met at the Congregationalist Church, on Tuesday evening, to hear the second lecture on European Agriculture, from A. Grover, Esq. The house was well filled, and the lecture was very instructive, which we hope to transfer to our columns. The exercises were enlivened by some excellent music executed in fine taste, by the Barker family. A vote of thanks was extended to the lecturer, and to the Barkers.

A committee was chosen consisting of A. L. Barker, Esq., D. F. Brown and G. Chapman, Esq., to make arrangements for visiting the farms of the different members, during the summer. Thus has terminated another winter's series of entertainments by the Club. They have been more fully attended, and better sustained than ever, and have become a fixed institution among us. We shall hardly yield the pattern to the Norridgewood Club, this year.

## TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The meeting of the Temperance Society, on Friday evening, was well attended. The topic for discussion was the Medicinal use of Alcoholic articles.

Rev. Mr. Thompson strongly advocated the entire abandonment of all Alcoholic drinks, and preparations in Medicine.

We were not exactly prepared to subscribe to his doctrine, and promptly told him so, and finally it was voted to adjourn the question a fortnight, when the two sides of the question will no doubt be ably handled.

There was a good audience, especially of the young, for whom these meetings are expressly designed.

We understand that Mr. Eli Richardson, of this town, was severely injured last week by falling from the Anasagunticook House, on which he was at work. He received a severe injury in his back and was taken up senseless.

We have received many number of poetical contributions, but have not room for them, besides it is a rare talent that can write a piece of poetry good enough for our columns.

Mr. Rice, the Stage Driver, made his appearance the other evening with a stage load of passengers from Bridgton through the old route from that town to Bethel. A stage route is much needed from Bethel through to Waterville, Bridgton, Lovell, and Fryburg. As it now is, passengers are compelled to go to South Paris, and often without being able to connect with the stage lines in that direction. We hope some one will start the thing before long. There is a peculiar rattle about the stage coach that we like to hear.

A Clergyman in Bangor was married in his meeting house on Sunday morning last, and immediately preached from the text—"This thing was not done in the corner."

## OBITUARY.

Colonel Thaddeus Twitchell, of this town died suddenly (of heart disease) on the 27th day of last month. He was a son of the late Deacon Ezra and Susanna Rice Twitchell. His parents moved from Dublin, New Hampshire, to Bethel seventy-two years ago last October. They were among the first people, who in their migrations, found a home in this (then) wild and romantic region. They were hardy and possessed the spirit of indomitable energy. They were composed of the right elements to endure with heroic courage the hardships and deprivations of pioneers to new and uninhabited countries. They had eleven children, six sons, five daughters. The first four of them (three daughters and one son) were buried in the same grave at the same time. When they came to Bethel, they brought with them four children, Susanna, Calvin, Ezra and Eli. Thaddeus was the oldest of the remaining three. He was born on the 6th of June, seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, the next year, after his parents arrived in town. Had he lived to the next anniversary of his birth day he would have been seventy-two years of age. His father was closer one of the first deacons of the Congregational Church, and he held the office till his death. The son like many children was obliged to undergo the stern circumstances of a home made in the wilds of forest lands. But his early and timely discipline in rugged service and frugal fare well prepared him to act the part of a citizen for a long period of life. He married Miss Lucy Barker, daughter of Deacon Samuel Barker, who was for many years a colleague Elder of the church with his father. He had five children, four daughters and one son. They all survive him together with his wife. Anna B. married Dr. Robert G. Wiley of Fryburg, who has been a Medical practitioner in Bethel the last twenty years. Roxanna A. married Mr. Alphon Twitchell, a farmer in this town. Mary E. married Rev. David Garland, of Newry, who is the pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Bethel. Susanna H. married Rev. Javan K. Mason of Bethel, who has been the pastor of the Congregational Church in Hampden the last eleven years. Samuel B. married Miss Melina A. Chapman, daughter of Mr. Timothy Chapman of Bethel and lives on the home stead. The family had occupied the same house thirty-nine years, and there had not been a single death in it till that of the husband and father. Mr. Twitchell was a man of many thoughts, and of but few words. Some persons, like some objects, appear much better at a distance than by close inspection. But with him it was far otherwise. Those individuals who knew him best, appreciated most his real worth. In the family the character of the man is better proved than in all other places of human action. In this private secluded and sacred circle, where are exercised the real affections and lying thoughts, he developed more clearly the unvarnished excellency of a true heart and a right mind.

As a father, he looked well to the interest of his household. He governed his children, not by repeated threatenings of punishment and the frequent use of the rod, but by the spirit of parental affection, and firm decision in word and deed, which were happily blended together and plainly showed themselves in the expression of his eye. He taught his children to do every thing in the most quiet decided and unostentatious manner possible. His motto was "Do not make so much stir about nothing. Do what you have to do and no parade about it." He taught them this principle both by precept and example. He also acted the part of a husband with the same equanimity of feeling and thought. He married not that peculiar affection, which might seem to tell of a mental weakness, nor did he manifest that affection, which tell of the spirit of usurped-hardship. But he recognized the partner of his joys and sorrows as one with him possessed of equal right in the domestic, the social, the civil and religious life.

He would not be called a social man in the common acceptance of the term. He had much rather sit hours and hear others talk than to be free of speech himself. And even then he would not be long a listener if the subject of conversation was of a mere trivial nature. He would entertain himself by perusing some book or paper. He was a great reader and thinker and he was peculiar in his selection of books and papers. Scarcely an evening passed but that he might be found at the table with light and book or paper, while others were conversing in the room he would be engaged in reading. Although he toiled hard by day he would improve his mind in the evening, even in the most busy season of the year. He generally selected books of a moral and religious nature. He had but a very little desire for political reading. His politics he learned of others—

His morals and his religion he learned of books and of God. His Bible was truly his text-book. He indulged a hope in the Christian Religion about twenty-five years ago, but being ever distrustful of self he never made a public profession of his faith. The bible requirements of a man of professed belief, and his knowledge of self so greatly conflicted that he did not dare to assume an outward testimony to the infinite glory of the cross of the Redeemer. While his children were with him he was wont to assemble them daily to read together a portion of the Scriptures. Though he had not the family altar, at which he commended his family to God in prayer, he had an altar in the place of retirement, where he thought none but his God, saw him and heard his petitions. Together with the bible he read many religious books which took deeply of the teachings and the spirit of the bible. This love for moral and religious themes he also exhibited in his punctuality on church services and his wakeful interest in plain religious truths. But very seldom that any religious or Christian religion was found in his seat at church more punctually when able. In this respect he was an example worthy to be imitated by the many who are to come after him. But he has gone. He has finished his course. We may well imitate his example so far as he followed Christ. And wherein he failed in duty, we should be sure that we shall not be found like wanting.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

All persons in want of the services of an Auctioneer, will find Mr. Wornell an obliging and accommodating person. See his card in another column.

FIGHTS AT AN EXECUTION. On Friday, the 16th inst., James Aiken was hung for murder, at Kingston, Alabama. While the body was yet suspended, a disgraceful and desperate melee took place, in which were engaged a large number of persons who had come to witness the execution. These fights were quite serious in their character. Three brothers by the name of Thacker assaulted and severely, perhaps mortally, wounded a man by the name of Wainwright, who resides near that village. He was stabbed with a knife several times in the hip and shoulder, and his life is despaired of by his attending physician. The man who committed the assault has been arrested. After this fracas, two or three others occurred, which, however, were not so serious in their nature. Another innocent party, unfortunately, in attempting to restore peace, was stabbed with a knife, although not dangerously.

A London paper says in a late issue: "A very curious trial for polygamy is likely to attract the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe at the next Lent Assizes for Sussex. A man of no small consideration in Brighton contracted marriage with five different females, three of whom are sisters, and with all of whom he has continued to cohabit for nearly eight years in town. A disagreement on some points of precedence brought this disagreeable affair to light."

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The N. Y. Express referring to the execution of George Aikens, in Morris county, N. J., last week, gives the following:—"The first execution in that State, occurred during the Revolution, when a man named Thompson was hung in the Park at Morristown, for horse-stealing. It is told by the 'oldest inhabitants' that a great crowd turned out to see the 'right,' many coming a hundred miles and more, but great indeed were the sorrow and sympathy, when it was discovered shortly after that an innocent man had been hung, and that the alleged stolen horse had only run away. This had beginning must have had its effect on the county, for there was not another execution until 1833, when a Frenchman, named Antonio De La Blanc, was hung for a brutal murder."

Zadock Pratt performed the journey from San Francisco to St. Louis without stopping at any one time for more than half an hour, the whole occupying 19 days, with 150 relays of four, five and six horses or mules team, about half being mules. This is a wonderful feat for a man nearly seventy years of age. There was a conductor and a driver, both armed to the teeth. In some places they carried water sixteen miles and then drove forty miles without water.

A private letter from Vera Cruz states that all the tax hides in the city had been pressed into service for the protection of the public buildings and dwellings against the enemy's shells. A quantity already shipped had likewise been taken back on shore, for the same purpose.

Very extensive ruins of an ancient city have been discovered in New Mexico, ninety miles northeast of Fort Stanton. They are said to rival in magnitude and architectural decoration the gigantic ruins of Thebes and Palmyra. They were evidently built by a warlike race.

The number of Mormons in Utah is put down at 38,000. Of these 4,627 men have 26,500 wives.

Paran Stevens pays \$10,000 a year rent for the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia. The hotel contains 600 rooms and can accommodate 1000 guests.

The ladies of Boston are seriously annoyed by street-beggars, and call upon the police to protect them from their importunities. Large numbers of girls, from 10 to 14 years of age, have adopted begging as a profession.

A knotty will case is before the Courts in Baltimore. A wealthy man, Samuel Stevens died. Some time previous to his death he erased his own name, and also the names of the signers to his will, and wrote under it: "I intend to make another will," to which he attached his own name. No other has been found, but lots of litigation is the consequence.

The Battleboro, Vt., says the run of sap this year is remarkable, and estimates the maple sugar crop of Vermont this season at 12,000 to 15,000 tons. Our Vermont friends must be having a sweet time.

RENTS IN NEW YORK. A recent New York letter says: The failure of John N. Genin, the well known hatter, is a significant commentary upon the fashionable plan of over-allooting one's means. Genin is the cleverest fellow alive, good hearted, generous and jolly, but fell because he "plunged" too extensively. Some eight years ago he established a magnificent bazaar in a handsome store under the St. Nicholas Hotel, and a little more than a year ago took another store in the same range, to which he removed his hat shop. This last act was what broke him. You will not wonder when you hear the rent he undertook to pay for the two stores. Not a cent less than \$18,000 per year! What hat shop could stand up under so grievous a burden? Had Genin been content to keep his smaller and plainer establishment under the Museum, he might have weathered the storm, notwithstanding his troubles in the '57 panic. As it is he has gone to wall, his creditors are hard upon him; his hat store is closed for the first time in twenty years, and the bazaar is to go next. It is a very hard case.

Speaking of Genin's rent, reminds me of the item of rental for certain new warlike stores, now being finished on Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. These shops are barely twenty feet wide and a hundred deep. The rent is \$12,000 apiece per annum. Somebody else will fall in that quarter, presently, or I am mistaken. The fact is that Broadway landlords are unscrupulous and unconscionable set of harpies. They will break all the firms in New York, if the said firms continue to be absurd enough to stick to Broadway.

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## MAILS.

Mails close as follows:—  
To Portland, 10 A. M.  
To Island Pond, 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.  
Arriving train leaves Bethel for Portland at 10:30 A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland at 4:15 P. M.

## RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Sabbath at 11 o'clock, A. M. and 7 P. M. in the following churches:—  
First Congl., Rev. Mr. WHEELWRIGHT.  
Second, Rev. Mr. GILMAN.  
Universalist, Rev. Mr. GATNEY.

## NOTICES FOR PRAYER.

Prayer meetings at 6:15 o'clock, at the vestry hall in Church, Tuesday evenings. Prayer Meeting, Saturday evenings.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WILL. The Dutch papers are discussing an extraordinary will, made at Amsterdam 150 years ago, by a Jew, named Jacob Pereya. Out of his immense wealth he allowed only 20,000 guilders to his widow and children. The remainder, consists of securities then considered safe, he left in trust to the wardens of his synagogue, who, after 150 years rendering an account of their stewardship before the judges, were to devote 100,000 guilders to the endowment of a certain charity, and then to divide the remainder in equal proportions between his heirs. The 150 years will expire in February, 1861, and the descendants are summoned to appear at Amsterdam, on the 7th of June next, to receive an account of the trust. The formalities of the law are of course complied with, but it is well known that, as in the English case of Thellouson, the result will be a disappointment to the heirs, for the accumulation will hardly be sufficient to meet the first charge of the endowment. The greater portion of the securities, which for more than 50 years after his death, paid 10 per cent, are said to have become almost worthless. The bankruptcy of the East India Company in 1773, the revolution and French invasion in 1795, the loss of colonies and trade, war taxes, and antiquities to France, impaired their value, while settlement of the national debt at the Restoration in 1815, completed the ruin. The wealth of Pereya, instead of attaining in 150 years the colossal dimensions expected by the testator, has sunk into a mere nothing, thus leaving more than the lesson, as he expressly taught by the Talmudism will.

STENOGRAPHY AND PENMANSHIP. At present a course of learning short hand in an interesting short space of time, can be secured by procuring Cray's Stenographic Chart. His system is in abbreviation of less than one eighth of common writing, and is practised by more reporters than any other system now in use. After acquiring it, all that is necessary to report a speech or sermon is practice. Price of Chart, with full instructions, one dollar; ten copies for five dollars. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Address—James E. Quinn, Agent, Mounticello, Sullivan county, N. Y.

[Any newspaper giving the above (with this paragraph) one insertion among the reading matter, will be entitled to a copy.]

The Natches Free Trader of the 17th inst., says:—"The largest sale ever made in this country was consummated yesterday. D. D. Withers sold out his place, in the lower part of this country, (3000 acres of land, with improvements and 315 slaves,) to John K. Elgee, of Louisiana, for one million and twelve hundred dollars."

An Irish woman residing at Johnny Cake Dan, in Chemoquo County, N. Y., gave birth, about two weeks since, to three children at one time. She has been married but three years, but during that time has presented her husband with no less than seven little responsibilities!—The first year one, the second year three, and the last year also three. "No one talking about 'Americans ruling America' if things go on in this style, observes the Springfield Republican."

The Prince of Wales, it is said, will visit Canada in the first week in June—to put into its place the last stone of the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, belonging to and forming part of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

Don't undertake to write skim-milk poetry, when you feel a little disposed toward enthusiasm. Go and do a kind action, or speak an encouraging word to somebody, if the feeling must have vent. Depend upon it, you'll better satisfied afterward.

H. W. Beecher's Church in Brooklyn yields this year upwards of \$28,000 income.







BETHEL, ME